

Barre Evening Enterprise, Printed daily (except Sunday) by The Enterprise-Publishing Co., BARRE, VT.

Single copy, 1 cent  
One month, 25 cents  
One year, \$2.00

The eagerness with which the American Indians tendered their services to the government for the Spanish encounter is not a matter of surprise, for no doubt there still lingers in the breast of the Red Skin a desire to balance accounts with the nation which sent Columbus to our shores to commence the robbing of the ancestors of these Indians of their possessions.

Those who interpret the "friendly note" which the "Big" Powers submitted to President McKinley as a notice that they will interfere if the United States attempts to drive the Spaniards from Cuba, must, it would seem, read between the lines. Every indication would point to no interference whatever by any government into the difficulties between the American Republic and the Queen Regent. Should this occur, the greatest war since the dawn of civilization, as one country would be involved against another and the century close with rivers of blood. If war comes, those who fear for the future of our country will be surprised to see how rapidly the flower and youth of our own America will defeat the Spaniards and secure the independence of Cuba.

The one piece of legislation which the city representative, whoever he may be, should endeavor to secure at the coming session of the legislature is the revision of the city charter. This is the opinion of city officials and even Judges of the Supreme Court who have been called on to pass upon various sections of it. No one appears to be at fault for the many errors in the present charter, but experience shows it to be lacking in many essential features.

At the same time containing such provisions that appear to be useless. We feel sure the city council will see that our city representative gives this matter prompt attention.

Washington county politics are already a live topic of conversation. Barre is without doubt assured of a State Senator, and it is to be hoped the population of the city will forget all those factions and family disagreements for the good of our city, decide the caucus whether the elected senator will support the choice of the caucus. If this is done Barre will present a united front at the convention and place a candidate before the delegates who will, unless all signs fail, be one of the members of the next State Senate. On the other hand, if we fail to settle the question at the caucus, this city may, as in former years, be passed by at the convention.

Italians and Switzers for United States and Cuba.

There are within our city limits 200 Italians, 200 Switzers, and these are each and every one ardent sympathizers with the stars and stripes and are hostile to Spain, even more so than native born Americans. Six Italians were making inquiries this morning about enlisting in the service of the Cuban army. They are now waiting for necessary papers from New York city and will leave for the latter place sometime this week.

There are seven standards, all told, in the city. They are quiet and respectable citizens and some of them are in the granite business. They take sides with neither nation, and express no opinion.

Machinery has whetted employment most effectively by stimulating the growth of new industries, and we could not to underestimate its effect in this direction. It has an important bearing on the general progress, improvements in printing process have direct effect in extending the use of books and newspapers, and, therefore, in expanding the paper and printing industries. The development of railways, steam and electric, in themselves simply the substitution of travel and cartage by machine for the old methods by horse and foot, has given employment to thousands where hundreds were employed before.

The invention of the typewriter has practically destroyed the profession of pen copying, but many more persons now find employment through the widely extended use of the machine. The application of electricity in the telegraph and telephone and in numerous other directions requiring complex and chartered appliances has in recent years created industries that previously had no existence. Prior to 1880 the manufacture of electrical apparatus and appliances was not of sufficient importance to be separately presented in the census reports. In that year the number of employees engaged in the industry was but 1,271, rising in 1890 to 8,802.

The development of photolithography has most effectively destroyed the profession of block engraving, but in photography, photolithography and photoengraving as distinct branches there were more than 8,000 persons employed at the date of the latest census.—Duchene's.

There are parts of the Ganges valley in India where the population averages 1,200 to the square mile.

THE GAME WENT ON.

BIXBY TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY WHILE PLAYING POKER.

It Was About a Sad Incident With a Humorous Side at the Battle of Antietam—How a Game of Draw Generally Takes All a Fellow's Attention.

Johnson was dealing when Bixby began to tell his yarn.

"I heard a first rate story today," he said. "It may be old to you boys, but it was new to me. Colonel Jim Williams of Kentucky was telling it, and he got all the points in, of course, much better than I can. No colonel in Kentucky can tell a better story than Williams. I don't claim to be much of a story teller myself, but—"

"You in, Bixby?" asked Butler.

Bixby picked up his hands and played a pair of aces through to his loss. When another player began shuffling the cards, Bixby resumed.

"The story was something like this," he said. "The Doolittle was a private in the war. It was at the battle of Antietam. He had a grudge against Lieutenant Forrest. A shell came along, and—"

"Are we going to play for anything this time?" asked Johnson.

"Your ante," said Butler to Bixby. Bixby ante. "This shell came along," he said, "and took off Forrest's foot. He saw Doolittle near him, and called to him to take it."

"I'm in," said Walters.

"Raise it a couple of reds," said Butler.

Bixby picked up three eights and stood the raise. He drew a fourth and won the pot. Then it was his deal. He shuffled leisurely as he said: "The shell, it seems, took off Forrest's foot, and he called to Doolittle to carry him back to the ambulance. Doolittle lifted him to his shoulder and—"

"I had three kings to go," said Williams, referring to his previous hand.

"I had a straight four flush," said Johnson sadly.

"Doolittle lifted him up," continued Bixby, "and—"

"Going to shuffle the spots off the cards?" asked Butler.

Bixby started to deal. "Doolittle was carrying him back," he said, "with his head hanging over his shoulder, when along came another shell, and—"

"Five me another stack," said Williams.

He got it. While the hand was being played, Bixby turned to Butler, who had said out like himself.

"Just then," said Bixby, "another shell came along and took off Forrest's head. Doolittle didn't see it."

"Where was this?" asked Butler politely.

"At Antietam," answered Bixby.

"During the war, you know. Doolittle was carrying Forrest back to the ambulance. He said he had his foot shot off. He was being taken back to the ambulance. He—"

Butler picked up three aces. "I'm in for a minute," he said. Johnson raised him ten. He saw it and raised back Johnson said, and they drew. Butler had ten and Johnson raised him 20. Butler hesitated and ran over his cards.

Then he looked long and searchingly at Johnson. There was a curious tensity in the silence. Bixby turned to Williams.

"Doolittle," he said, "didn't know that Forrest's head had been shot off."

"Why didn't he know it?" Williams asked, watching the players.

"He didn't see it," explained Bixby.

"He kept on carrying him back toward the ambulance. Private Canfield came along and said to Doolittle:

"What you carrying that for?"

"It's Lieutenant Forrest," said Doolittle. "I'm taking him back to the ambulance."

"What can they do with him in the ambulance with his head shot off?" asked Private Canfield.

"I call," said Butler, shoving in his chips. Johnson won and Bixby picked up the cards to deal again.

"Private Canfield," he said, "wanted to know what they could do with him with his head shot off. 'His head!' shouted Doolittle. 'The damned fool told me 'twas his foot.'"

Bixby pointed the table and laughed heartily. The companions looked at him wonderingly.

"Who was Doolittle?" asked Johnson.

"Why, he was the fellow that was carrying Forrest."

"That's the best telling a story," said Williams.

"What's the point?" asked Butler.

"The point is," said Bixby, "that Doolittle didn't know his foot was shot off when it was his head. He was carrying him back to the ambulance, and—"

"I've got six cards," said Williams.

"It's a mistake," said Johnson.

"Go on with your story," said Williams to Bixby.

"Yes," said two or three others, "give us the story."

"That I've got through with it," explained Bixby.

"How, have you?" said Williams.

"That's good,"—New York Sun.

Spurious Manacles.

Spurious manacles have from time to time been put off upon the public, and a doubt arose in a Vienna museum as to the validity of one daughter of the pharaohs in their collection. It occurred to them, in view of the general hollowness of life, that the young lady might have been manufactured in Birmingham. So they turned the Roentgen rays upon her and saw at once through the many folded wraps the armlets which the Egyptians placed upon the bones of their dead, thus proving the genuineness of their specimen.

Switzerland is the land of universities. It has seven, or one to every 428,570 inhabitants, while Germany has 22, or one to every 2,859,390. Russia has a university for every 10,000,000 only.

A Division of Recreation.

Mrs. Clingwater—Josiah, it seems to me you are very stingy in taking that new novel yourself before anybody else in the family has had a chance even to look at it.

Mr. Clingwater—What are you kicking about? There's the second volume. Can't you read that while I'm going through the first?—Chicago Tribune.

Distinctions.

It is not pretty to say of a woman that she talks too much, but she looks complimented when you tell her that she is a fine conversationalist.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

REMARKABLE SHOOTING.

Billings Four Caribous Out of Five at Long Distance.

A party of four of us left Bath for the upper part of Maine for a four days' hunting trip. There was one man among us, Orderly Sergeant Richardson, U. S. A., at Fort Popham, Me., still in the service. On the third morning three of us—the sergeant, another and myself—left camp together in search of game, the snow falling thick, but calm; no wind. We had not gone more than a mile from camp when we saw on the north ridge (a hillside) five caribous standing in such an open place that it was almost impossible to get nearer to them without being seen. After a wait of some time for them to change their position, that we might advance and get a shot of more certainty, our silence was broken by the sergeant's remark that he had killed deer as far away as that, and thought he could kill one of these.

We all agreed to let him take a shot and estimated the distance at 500 yards. When he got in his position, which he calls the Texas grip, and selecting the one on the right told us to look out for him, at the crack of his rifle, to my great surprise, down came the animal with his back broken. The others, being bewildered, ran in a circle like, coming to a standstill somewhat nearer to us—all hands estimated 450 yards. Again he selected the one on the right, and at the crack of the gun again the animal dropped, shot through the heart. The other three leaped off in another direction, as we estimated, 600 yards. Then the sergeant adjusted his sights to that distance, and to my great surprise he killed the third one. The other two separated and one of them came back near to the first one that was shot, when he stood broadside to us, and the sergeant fired, but shot low and broke both front legs just above the knee. After a little skirmishing about in the brush we found him, and one more shot from the old Springfield rifle, with the sergeant behind it, gave us four out of five caribous and only five shots fired, and by only one man at that. We went into camp with flying colors and were the center of attraction that evening.

One of the party inquired of the sergeant where he had obtained such proficiency in marksmanship, when he pulled his coat open and exhibited a splendid gold badge from the army, a distinguished marksmanship medal, won by him in 1893 in the division competition of the army, department of the east. Our party were on this hunt for several days and killed six deer, two elk and four caribous, of which Sergeant Richardson killed four caribous, three deer and one elk, and he killed them all over 300 yards, except one deer, which he shot on the run and about 150 yards' distance, breaking its neck.—J. S. Jones, U. S. A., Retired, in Army and Navy Journal.

LAW OF SELF DEFENSE.

The English Theory of Where Protection Ends and Revenge Begins.

The right of self defense is by some old writers declared to be inherent in all men by the law of nature. Now, these "natural rights" are all very well, but they are not recognized by the law of Great Britain. It is the law that a man may defend himself, his wife, child or servant from physical aggression. He may also repel by force a forcible attack upon his property. When you, or your wife, child or servant is attacked, or threatened with violence in such a manner as reasonably to lead you to believe that violence is about to be used, you may resist the aggressor. And as the best mode of resistance is very often to attack, you may lawfully follow the advice given by an old prize-fighter to a pupil—i. e., "get in the first whack."

But self defense must be moderate. It must not be totally disproportionate to the attack. For instance, if a hulking ruffian runs at me with a knife, I may shoot him. But if he runs at me merely with his fists clenched, and I shoot him dead with a revolver, I shall probably be hanged by the neck. Not that the law expects a man to be calm and cool and collected in all circumstances. By no means. For instance, if the said ruffian rushes at me with clenched fists, evidently meaning mischief, and I hit him with a heavy stick on the back of the ear, I may kill him. But I shall not be hanged for that. I have a right to use the stick, and in the circumstances I am not to be supposed to be cool enough to aim for a spot not likely to be fatal. Again, self defense does not develop into revenge. Thus, if I am threatened with a knife, and by the timely display of a pistol I frighten my assailant so that he runs away, I must not shoot after him. If I do, I am just as liable as though he had never threatened me, because I shoot at him not in self defense, but by way of punishment or revenge.—Family Lawyer.

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The law as to umbrellas was settled once for all by Lord Coleridge in a leading English case. His lordship held: "Umbrellas, properly considered, are a part of the atmosphere or meteorological condition, and as such there can be no invasion of property right in them. In *Sutton v. Thompson* defendant was charged with standing on plaintiff's front steps during a storm and thereby soaking up a large quantity of rain to the injury of plaintiff. But the court held that the rain was any man's no invasion of property right in them. In *Sutton v. Thompson* defendant was charged with standing on plaintiff's front steps during a storm and thereby soaking up a large quantity of rain to the injury of plaintiff. But the court held that the rain was any man's no invasion of property right in them. In *Sutton v. Thompson* defendant was charged with standing on plaintiff's front steps during a storm and thereby soaking up a large quantity of rain to the injury of plaintiff. But the court held that the rain was any man's no invasion of property right in them.

So far as we know there has never been a successful appeal from this decision.—Chicago News.

ELEPHANT CURIOSITY.

An Animal Which Strains With Its Feet Included in Rocks.

Caroline Miles Wilbur, less than two miles from Palmer, Wis., nearly midway between Daid bluff and the Carleton spring, on a wild, rocky hillside of the Kettle range of bluffs, may be found a huge rock, known far and near as the "stone elephant." It is annually visited by large numbers of people, some of whom pronounce it a petrified elephant of monstrous size, but the theory most generally believed is that it is a piece of the solid rock in which it seemed imbedded centuries ago by some prehistoric race.

As if to substantiate this latter theory, from time to time many valuable tools, relics and implements unknown to the people of this age have been found about its base and in that immediate vicinity. It is about 20 feet long, 6 or 8 feet high, of a dark gray color and weighs hundreds of tons. The body only is above the level of the ground, its legs being deeply sunk below, holding it firmly in a standing position.

A tradition believed by many is that around this huge stone the Indians gathered to offer sacrifice to the Great Spirit and burn their prisoners at the stake or make them the victims of slow torture known only to the Indians. It is a long established and generally believed theory that in this immediate vicinity and about Daid bluff and the big spring were some of their most famous battlefields and hunting grounds.—Boston Transcript.

His Furlough.

"What is a furlough?" asked a Columbus (O.) teacher.

"It means a mule," was the reply of Mary.

"Oh, no," replied the teacher, "it doesn't mean a mule."

"Indeed, it does," said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, "now thoroughly interested, you may bring the book to school, and we'll see about it."

The next day Mary brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words, "Going Home on His Furlough."—Exchange.

A Chance For Inventors.

Johnny Hay—What kinds of engagement ring do you sell?

Polite Jeweler—All kinds.

Johnny Hay—Well, I want one a girl can't sneak out of.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Carefully Selected.

One of the most remarkable features of life in New South Wales is the transformation of criminals into hard working citizens. Of the 20,000 settlers there in 1821, 20,000 were or had been convicts.

It is said that an Australian American liner a hostess American landed and over and over again that "the men who settled Australia were a remarkably suitable lot."

"Yes," said an American quietly, "I have always understood that they were sent out by the very best judges."

—Youth's Companion.

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A Disturbing Sermon.

Many years ago an English clergyman in a small town preached as his own a sermon, one that he had bought, and which had been originally preached in London when the plague was raging in that city. After reproving the vice of the people, the sermon went on:

"For this vice it is that God has visited you and your families with that cruel scourge, the plague, which is now spreading everywhere in this town."

At his uttering these words the people were all so thunderstruck that the chief magistrate was obliged to go to the pulpit and ask him:

"For God's sake, sir, pardon the interruption, and inform me where the plague is, that I may instantly endeavor to prevent its further spreading."

"The plague, sir?" replied the preacher. "I know nothing about the plague. Whether it is in the town or not, it is in my family."

A Reluctant Complaint.

The Denver Times tells of a school-boy in that city who has written a letter to the school board which shows that the average American youth can see a point before he sits down on it. He says: "Mr. Director—My sister, who is at the school teacher, whips me every day. Pa and Ma told her to whip me often, than she did the others so they wouldn't think she was partial. I write to let you know this is too thin. She is an old maid and gets mad because she can't get married, and whenever she gets to feeling that way she lumps me. I hate to say such things about my sister, but it's so."

Soothing Suggestion.

Johnny had been playing around the piano and had had a fall.

"What are you bawling about?" asked Willie contemptuously. "It was the soft pedal your head hit."—Chicago Tribune.

The domesticated Malay cat has a tail that is only about one-half the usual length, and very often it is tied by nature in a kind of knot which cannot be straightened out.

When Leyden was besieged by the Spanish army in 1574, the city government issued credit notes on leather.

The Shah's Turkish Ambassador.

His excellency Mirza Mahmood Khan, the shah's ambassador at Constantinople, holds his distinguished office upon conditions which are quite without precedent in the diplomatic world. The Lord of the Lion and the Sun does not devote a penny of his revenue to maintaining a representative at Constantinople. He has in that city about 10,000 subjects, and these are daily taxed for the purpose. Mirza Mahmood has no reason to complain of the arrangement, for by the help of half a dozen armed collectors he secures an income of about \$20,000. True, he is obliged to hand

over \$2,000 yearly to his colleague at Vienna, but the balance enables him to live very comfortably. The contributors, however, insist upon his spending a certain amount on hospitality, and whenever he gives a dinner party to the corps diplomatique a committee of taxpayers is posted in an anteroom, whence they can satisfy themselves that their ambassador does the thing in proper style and keeps up the dignity of the nation.—London Chronicle.

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN CHILEAN AND PERUVIAN IRONCLADS.

The Destruction of the Huascar Off the Bolivian Coast—A Terrible Slaughter What a Fight Between Modern War Vessels Means.

In The Century Club's H. Wetmore has an article on "A Famous Sea Fight," describing the engagement between Chilean and Peruvian ironclads off the coast of Bolivia in 1879. Mr. Wetmore says:

From the first of the battle the encouraging voice of Gran had come to the men in the turret through the speaking tube from the conning tower, but when the Blanco crowded into the thick of it and great shot struck the Huascar's sides as regularly as blows of a battering ram the orders of the commander were no longer heard. The officer in charge of the turret called to his superior. There was no answer, and when Commander Elias Aguerre ran up the narrow ladder ladder that led to the tower he stood over the dead body of his admiral. A shell had struck the conning tower and had taken off Gran's head as neatly as if the decoration had been by the guillotine. This shell also killed Lieutenant Ferrer, the admiral's aid. There was only time to push the corpses aside, and the new commanding officer pulled back the tube flap to give his directions, but as he did so the Huascar staggered, heeled over, then shook in every plate, while a concussion more terrible than any so far told that a shell had entered the turret and had burst there. When the fumes had cleared away so that a person could speak, a midshipman called out that one of the great guns had been dismounted and 20 men killed. The survivors tumbled the bodies through the hatch that opened into the deck below, thus releasing the clogged machinery, and as the corpses rattled down other men rushed up, throwing off their clothing as they jumped into the pools of blood to seize hold of the gear and swing the remaining gun into position, that it might train upon one of the ships—there could no longer make out which, nor did they care—and it was discharged, hauled in, loaded and discharged again.

Once more all was silent in the conning tower. Lieutenant Palacios hastened there, but before he could enter he was compelled to push three bodies out of the way. He had barely given his first command when a bullet from the well aimed rifle of a marine in an enemy's top lodged between his eyes. Then the fourth to command the Huascar that day, Lieutenant Pedro Garzon, took the place, and as he did so he called through an aperture telling the quartermaster to put the helm to port; for he had determined to run one of the adversaries and sink with her if necessary. Over and over again the wheel, but the Huascar's head still pointed between the Chileans.

"Port! Port! I say!" screamed the commander.

"She won't answer," came back the miller reply from the only one of four quartermasters alive. The bodies of the others were lying upon the grating at his feet.

"A shot has carried away the starboard steering gear, sir," reported an ensign, and he dropped dead as the words left his mouth.

The Huascar now lay drifting in a hell of shot and flame, but all the while the red, white and red fluted from the peak. One by one in twos and in threes the men in the turret dropped at their posts, and at last the remaining great gun was silent, its tackle literally choked with dead.

The turret could not be turned for the same reason. Corpses hung over the military top; corpses clogged the conning tower.

With coats and waistcoats off the surgeons had been laboring in the wardroom upon the wounded, who, shrieking in their agony, had been tumbled down the companionway like so much butchered beef, for there was no time to use stretchers or to carry a stricken comrade to a doctor's care. Steam and smoke filtered through the doorways, and the apartment became stifling.

While they were saving, amputating and bandaging a shell tore into the wardroom, burst, and fragments wounded the assistant surgeons, the chief of the medical staff having been killed earlier in the conflict. Those unfortunate who were stretched upon the table awaiting their turn under the knife and those who lay upon the floor suffered no more pain. They were killed as they lay groaning. This shell tore away wardroom and stern cabin, and hardly a trace was left of the bulkhead. After that what little surgery was done was performed in the coal bunkers.

Fuddled in a passageway near the engine room were a score or more of non-combatants—stewards, pantrymen and stokers. They were in a place that was lighted only as flashes came from the guns. It was filled with powder smoke, and clouds of steam that drifted from below told that the Huascar had been struck in a vital spot—her machinery. Suddenly they heard a crash, followed by the rending of the deck, and the little ironclad swayed as if she had struck a reef. Some one must have struck the mainmast must have been shot away. As it came down it brought living men to be dashed to death, and corpses that had been hanging over the sides of the military top.

Accounts Squared.

Hicks—I owe you an apology. The fact is, it was raining, and I saw your umbrella, and supposing you had gone home for good I took it.

Wicks—Don't mention it. I owe you an apology. You left your new hat, you know, and wore your old one. As I had no umbrella, and as I didn't want to wet my hat I put on yours. Hope you don't mind.—Pearson's Weekly.

KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

Men, women and young people to the number of 100,000 are wanted at once to sell "Gold Fields of the Klondike," a new book from high authority, beautifully illustrated from actual Alaska 1822 inches printed in six colors. It tells about the country, mines, fortunes made, the unexplored districts how to get there, and is just the book for a richly interested soul. It is bound in leather and is a complete outfit which includes the Klondike map and a complete work anywhere you choose at once. We give liberal terms.

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